MOON KNIGHT

MARVEL

195

BEMIS
DAVIDSON
LOPES

Marc Spector. Steven Grant. Jake Lockley. Each a distinct personality of one man vying for control. Spector, the original personality, has asserted his dominance and fights to retain that control. But years ago, as a mercenary, Spector died in Egypt under a statue of the moon god **Khonshu.** In the shadow of the ancient deity, Marc returned to life. From then on, Marc took on a new aspect in honor of Khonshu, dedicating his second life to fighting crime as…

MOON KNIGHT

After a harrowing encounter with the Sun King, Marc is looking forward to a quiet reunion with Marlene and his newly discovered daughter Diatrice.

Certainly everything will go nice and easy…

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TODAY IS AN AUSPICIOUS DAY!

THE COLLECTIVE IS BORN!

WE BEGIN WITH AN ASSESSMENT OF EACH FORMER INDIVIDUAL!

ANATOMY

UM, HI, GUYS. I'M JULIE?

WHAT I HAVE TO BRING TO THE GROUP... *HMMM...*

WELL, I'VE SOLD A FEW PIECES TO JAMES FRANCO OVER THE YEARS. HE SAYS I HAVE POTENTIAL.

I ALSO COLLECT THE REAL HUMAN SKULLS OF DECEASED CIRCUS CLOWNS, SO, LITERALLY, I CAN BRING THOSE.

I ACTUALLY DID TODAY. SEE? SKULLS.

YO. TY HERE.

I'M AN AGGRESSIVE ROMANTIC NIHILIST, WHICH TAKES A LOT MORE EFFORT THAN IT SOUNDS.

I'VE NEVER WASHED MY JEANS AFTER A CONQUEST. SO, EACH OF THESE JEANS ARE, LIKE, SEXUAL TOTEMS.

I CARRY THE GHOSTS OF ABOUT 2,000 BOYS' AND GIRLS' INTEGRITY IN THOSE JEANS.

I'M SAMANTHA. I'LL BE OUR SKEPTIC.

EVERY BRILLIANT IDEA NEEDS SOME HEALTHY SELF-DOUBT TO COME TO FRUITION.

AND FRANKLY, I THINK THIS IS A LOAD OF @#$%, AND I *HATE* YOU GUYS FROM WHAT I KNOW OF YOU SO FAR.

I HATE YOU.

H-H-HI. I'M PETER.

SORRY... JUST...JUST A BIT NERVOUS. I'M SUCH A BIG FAN OF EVERYONE HERE.

THERE'S NOTHING PARTICULARLY ***WEIRD*** ABOUT ME, BUT...I'VE GOT ENTHUSIASM!

AS YOU CAN SEE, I FACESPACE-LURKED YOU GUYS BEFORE WE MET UP AND MADE PAPIER-MÂCHÉ BUSTS OF THE ENTIRE COLLECTIVE.

AND I'M MAURICE. AS YOU KNOW, THIS WAS MY IDEA.

TODAY, WE BEGIN OUR GRAND ATTEMPT TO ***FUSE*** OUR VERY PERSONALITIES IN DEFIANCE OF OUR SKIN SHACKLES AND ACTUALIZE PURE SOCIALISM. TODAY, WE MAKE LITERAL THIS COUNTRY'S MOTTO, *E PLURIBUS UNUM*, "OUT OF MANY, ONE!"

EXPERIMENT ONE WILL INVOLVE SENSORY DEPRIVATION. LET'S PROCEED!

FIVE MONTHS LATER.
EXPERIMENT 73,
"EXTREME MIND-BODY MELD."

WELL, THAT WAS GROSS.

I THINK IT'S TIME TO TRY SOMETHING A BIT MORE DRASTIC.

SECRET A.I.M. BASE.

HOW DID YOU POSSIBLY GET ACCESS TO EQUIPMENT LIKE THIS?

NOT EVERYONE AGREED WHEN THE AVENGERS TOOK OVER A.I.M. A FEW UNORGANIZED FACTIONS THAT WERE STILL INTO THE WHOLE "EVIL" THING WENT INTO HIDING.

WE KEEP THESE SITES OPERATIONAL FOR SECRET, SINISTER REASONS.

LIKE, YOU KNOW... IF SOMEONE WANTS TO PAY US FOR TECHNOLOGY.

LIKE YOU ARE, NOW.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE DOING THIS OUT OF SOLIDARITY. YOU'RE MY COUSIN!

BUT YOU SAID YOU WOULD--

GET YOUR SCRIPT TO JAMES FRANCO. YEAH, YEAH. DON'T WORRY, YOU RAT FINK.

WAIT, WHAT?

SO THIS IS IT.

I SPENT MOST OF MY LIFE BEING SPOILED BY MY PARENTS, DROWNED IN TROPHIES, DIPLOMAS, ACCOLADES, AND DOCTORATES.

YET, AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, I'VE WOKEN UP FEELING EMPTY AND MUNDANE. I'M AS MUCH AS ONE MAN CAN BE ON HIS OWN.

TOGETHER, WE COULD BE... SOMETHING MORE.

I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO TRULY MAKE LOVE TO MYSELF.

...

I RESPECT THAT, TY.

LET'S GET THIS GOING, PEOPLE!

IF I GET CAUGHT LETTING CIVILIANS MESS WITH THIS STUFF, I'M GOING TO LOSE MY BONUS!

SO IF THIS THING WORKS...

...THEN WHAT?

IF IT WORKS, OUR MINDS...OUR VERY *SOULS*...WILL BEGIN TO WORK AS ONE.

THIS MACHINE CREATES PSYCHIC BONDS, SAMANTHA. WELL, IN THEORY, OF COURSE. IT'S UNTESTED.

TESTED, UNTESTED, WHATEVER.

AS LONG AS I DON'T HAVE TO THINK THESE THOUGHTS ALONE ANYMORE.

ALL RIGHT, MY BROTHERS. MY SISTERS. MY BRETHREN.

HERE'S TO THE END OF THE CRUEL BIOLOGICAL FASCISM WE'RE BORN INTO.

OUR POTENTIAL MARRED BY THE LIMITATIONS OF ONE FLESHY HUMAN BRAIN AND THE PILE OF MEAT BUILT TO CARRY IT AROUND.

TO THE COLLECTIVE!!!!!!

AL, WHAT THE HECK! YOU SAID THIS THING WOULD WORK!!!

TAKE YOUR SCRIPT AND *SHOVE IT!*

I'M JUST A JANITOR HERE, MAN, WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM--

BROOOM

BLLLEEERGGHHH...

AAAAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLLLL... YOU LOOK SO *LONELY* ALL BY YOURSELF...

NO! DON'T!

DON'T!

JOINNNNNNN USSSSSSSSSS...

AAIIIEEEE!!!

ELSEWHERE.

I SWEAR, I'M TAKING IT BACK TO STREET LEVEL FOR AT LEAST A YEAR.

DIRTBAGS, THUGS, SEND 'EM MY WAY.

NOW THAT SUN KING'S BEEN THROWN INTO A HEAVILY SECURED WHITE PADDED ROOM AND THE TRUTH IS OUT OF THE PICTURE...

...I'M CONTENT TO LET THE X-MEN HOLD A MONOPOLY ON THE FREAK MARKET.

GOOD JOB ON THE NOT-KILLING-HIM THING, BY THE WAY.

WHAT?

THE NOT-KILLING OF SUN KING. REALLY GREAT MOVE, SPECTOR.

IT'S NOT LIKE HE'S GOING TO POP UP RANDOMLY AND YOUR MAKE YOUR LIFE A LIVING HELL AGAIN.

IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME SCHTICK FROM YOU. I MOSTLY DON'T KILL PEOPLE. GET OVER IT.

NAH, IT'S ALL GOOD. BUSHMAN AND I ARE REALLY GETTING TO KNOW EACH OTHER. WE EXCHANGED NUMBERS.

I THINK WE MIGHT START A BOWLING LEAGUE.

JAKE, YOU'RE BY FAR THE WORST ME.

I...I BELIEVE I HAVE SOMETHING.

YOU GOT THIS, K-MAN.

VICTORY.

...

UHHH...

ME?

MARC.

MARC!!!

BEEP BEEP BEEP

MARC! PHONE! SHHH!

UCH. SORRY, MARLENE. THAT'S THE *NYT* SUPER-CRIME ALERT.

DID YOU KNOW THE *TIMES* OFFERS THIS NOW? IT JUST POPS UP LIKE A WEATHER REPORT...

MARC.

SHUT.

UP.

OKAY, OKAY!

LET'S SEE HERE...

OH, HELL NO. NOT THIS ONE. NO WAY.

SOUR PATCH KIDS! HIT ME!

I SAID NO MORE WEIRDOS...

I *SAID* NO MORE WEIRDOS...

QUEENS.

RUN AWAY! IT'S...SO WEIRD!

UNGH.

ALL RIGHT. WHERE *IS* THE GUY?

IT'S AGAINST THE LAW FOR ME TO TELL YOU THAT.

JERRY, DON'T MESS WITH THAT GUY, IT'S THAT CRAZY ONE.

HE CUTS PEOPLE'S FACES OFF.

HALL OF SCIENCE.

THATAWAY.

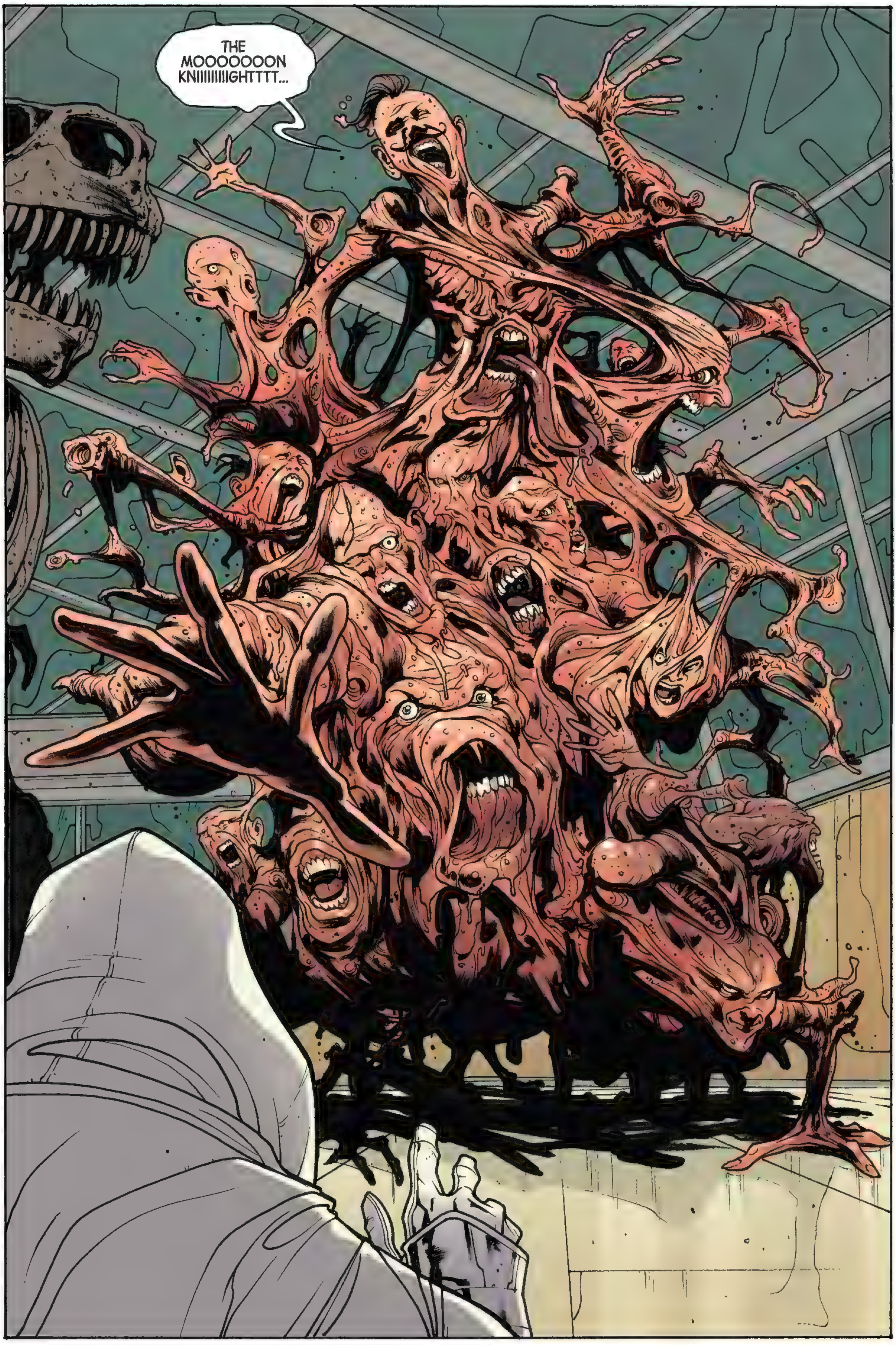
ALL RIGHT, CHUM.

SHOW YOUR FACE.

WHUMP

OH.

BIG GUY.


THE MOOOOOOON KNIIIIIIIIGHTTTT...

I DON'T NECESSARILY LIKE THAT YOU KNOW WHO I AM.

WE ARE NOW COMPOSED OF... AT LEAST 32 NEW YORKERS.

SEVERAL OF WHICH ARE FAMILIAR WITH YOUR HISTORY.

WOULD YOU, SAY, BE WILLING TO *NOT* BE THAT?

KRSH

YOUR WEAPONS ARE USELESS.

HM.

NOT GOOD.

WE HAVE THE UNIFIED STRENGTH... INTELLECT...OF ALL THE FORMER HUMANS WHO MAKE UP THE COLLECTIVE.

THIS IS WHY.... WE ASSUME...THE POLICE HAVE RETREATED.

PROBABLY WAITING FOR THE AVENGERS OR...SOME *REAL* SUPER HERO... TO TRY AND PUT US DOWN...

LET'S SEE HOW REAL OF A SUPER HERO YOU THINK I AM WHEN I--HEY!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

AHH! AHHHNO! NOOO!

SCHLURK

HA HA HA

BRAKAKAKAKAKAKA

WHAM

CRASH

OF SCI

RRRRRAAAH!

DO NOT FIGHT! JOIN US!

YEAH...

SLAM

...NEVER REALLY BEEN MUCH OF A JOINER.

SLICE
SLICE
SLICE
SLICE
SLICE
SLICE
AARGH!
NO NO NOPE
RRRIIP
RGHHH... GET...OFF!!!
OH GOD.
GO TO YOUR HAPPY PLACE.
GO TO YOUR HAPPY PLAAAAAA--

GEEZ LOUISE...WHERE THE @$%# ARE WE?

THAT WAY.

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS...

GREETINGS!

AHHHGAHD!

SHHHH. NO NEED TO BE SCARED. MY NAME IS MAURICE.

WELCOME TO THE HIVE MIND OF THE COLLECTIVE, WHERE ALL OUR INNERMOST THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS ARE SHARED!

THIS IS WHERE THE *MAGIC* HAPPENS!

POW

TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT MONTH:

Send letters to **MHEROES@marvel.com**, be sure to mark them **"OK TO PRINT."**

ZONE